

THE NEW PLAYS

"Anna Christie" Human Flotsam

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

EUGENE O'NEILL has learned there are sailors who hate the sea bitterly and deeply, yet go back to it because it is the only thing they know. It is this feeling about the sea he has put into his briny play "Anna Christie," produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Vanderbilt Theatre.

For this reason, of all the characters the weather-beaten barge captain who curses the sea as an "old devil" has most meaning. It's impotent rage against it is due to something more something stronger, than superstition. Healing fully its menace and its power, he hates it and fears it. He is forever waiting for it to play him a dirty trick. To understand the play you must first understand this Sweden, this squarehead, the drunken, good-for-nothing, yet wise old Chris. It is on this fellow that O'Neill fastens his grip and never lets go.

Don't be misled by the title of the play into believing that the old sailor's daughter is of first importance, for she isn't. Anna means little more than a barnacle fastened upon the paternal bulk. It was to save her from the sea, Chris is wont to say, that he kept her in an inland place. But he finds he cannot cheat the sea. She drifts back to him after sixteen years from Minnesota, where she chose prostitution in preference to slavery and brutality on a farm. In a waterfront saloon, while awaiting her father, she drinks with a besotted woman who happens at the time to be the creature of Chris. The dirty tide-water sets in at once.

But Anna tells her father no more than is good for him to hear, and on the barge she feels "clean." Then one night in a fog the barge picks up a boatload of shipwrecked men, among them an Irish stoker who almost immediately proposes himself as the lover of Anna. In him the Swede recognizes another trick of the sea, and when the fellow, a week later, announces his intention of marrying the girl, Chris goes for him with a knife. But Burke, another playboy of the western world ready to brag of his strength, makes short work of the old man. There is more hell to pay when Anna tells Burke why she cannot marry him and shuts off the lamentations of her father by letting him know his long neglect of her was the real cause of her going to the bad. She gets nothing but curses from her lover, who, like her father, goes ashore to get drunk, leaving her alone on the barge. Here is the logical ending of the play, but it goes on into a fourth act with Burke returning and taking her into his arms after having her swear on the cross his mother had given him that he is the only man she ever loved. And he accepts her oath, mind you, in spite of the fact she is not a Catholic! This rubbish should be thrown overboard.

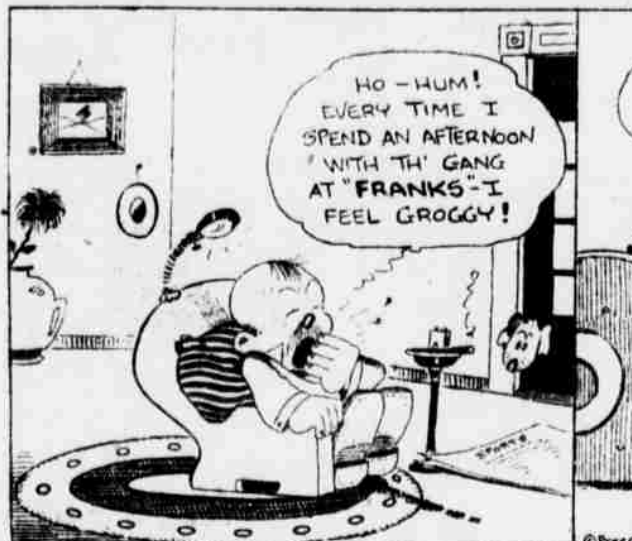
"Anna Christie" is human flotsam thick with fog through which its characters drift hopelessly until that wholly unconvincing "happy ending" is reached. Except for this concession to the honey-suckle theatre O'Neill is mercilessly true to his types and he puts into their mouths the language they might be expected to speak, the talk of the barroom and worse, aside from a few poetic flings by the garulous Irishman. The result is a play strong in what is conveniently called realism, grim, ugly, yet undeniably human. Your interest in it will depend upon the interest you take in the characters it presents rather than in its story, a sketchy story at most and one told at too great length. But you will find in it uncommonly fine acting.

The old Swede, dialect and all, is

embodied remarkably by George Marion. Though perhaps a bit too buoyant at times, he performs his difficult work with unusual ability. There is no need for Pauline Lord to explain the king of life Anna has led. It speaks for itself in her careless gestures, in her world-sickened eyes and in her hollow tones. She suggests completely the commonplace girl who has sold herself cheaply simply because she believed she was worth nothing more, and stands to the bargain she has made without any whining. Miss Lord gives a performance that bears the unmistakable stamp of reality.

Frank Shannon is capital as the brawny fishman, and Eugene Blair plays the seamy waterfront cruiser with a staggering sense of character.

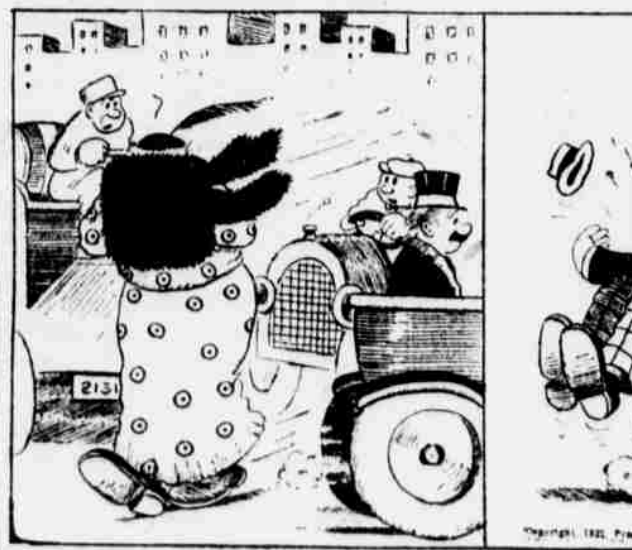
THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



LITTLE MARY MIXUP



KATINKA



JOE'S CAR



'Sall Right, Ed-It's Insured!!



Guess That Was Strong Enough!

They Were Blind-They'd Lost Their Eyes!



Yes, Isn't It!



Screenings

By DON ALLEN

SOUNDS FAMILIAR.

A mile of railroad track somewhere in the United States has just been blown up as a fitting climax to Vitagraph's latest serial, "Breaking Through."

The detonation could be heard for miles and the stretch of track now looks almost as rough as some screen villains act.

Although the producers refuse to tell the location of the blown up tracks, for some reason or other, we know thousands of travelers who are sure they know the exact spot. They say they have often ridden over it on the (Name your favorite railroad.)

NO HYPHENS.

There are no hyphenated Americans in "All For Women," a big film to be glimpsed by Broadway in December. In fact, there are no Americans at all. The energetic press department, however, sends out word that the cast is composed of the "best-known screen players in Europe." We made a mistake when we read over the list of names and thought we were reading the Milwaukee directory.

BUBBLES.

A soap salesman was knocked a twister recently when he was given an order for two hundred barrels of soap by the Goldwyn production department.

"What are you folks gonna do, clean up motion pictures?" asked the astonished soap vender.

Just for being so ignorant, he was told that the soap was to be converted into foam and bubbles during one of the big scenes of "The Octave of Christmas."

If they try to photograph all the bubbles now lying dormant in 200 barrels of soap it'll take 149,000 feet of film to show 'em.

TEACHERS INTERESTED.

Superintendents of schools in all parts of the country are planning to have all school children possible see "The Four Seasons," the U-San classic film, and the first production of feature length issued by the Kinetograph Company.

The film recently delighted thousands of New Yorkers and educators were quick to spread its educational value.

And now the school children of the country will be advised to view the film.

THE THREE R'S AGAIN.

And now it's a new school for movie folks. Not that any one of them will admit that they can possibly be taught anything in connection with the movie game, because they all admit they know practically all there is to know. Out in Universal City a school has been established so the actors and actresses who desire to do so can learn things not encompassed by the movie world.

Let us hope that some of the actors will be taught how to wear evening clothes.

RETIKES.

Norma Talmadge has just purchased an original story from Edgar Selwyn and as yet unnamed. She will soon start acting it out.

The "Battle of Jutland" pictures have just arrived. We were all hyped up until we learned they were taken in a tank.

Lois Weber, foremost woman director, will soon present her big film, "What Do Men Want?" We hope it answers its titular question.

There was a studio party at the H. C. Studios on West 31st Street last night. C. S. Clark popped. It was some party.

Marjorie Keenan, featured in "Free Air," says the air might be free, but there's no hot air connected with the statement that it is a bird of a film.

Active ramparts in the studios these days. Everybody's a busy man. There are about to be "sprung." The Talmadge New York studios have been taken over by Selznick. The new tenants have a year's lease and do not fear their landlord at all.

Director Edward Jose has discovered a classic pair of dueling pistols. They are the original "at sunrise" twins.

Joe Murphy should be the best known movie actor in the world. He has a classic pair of dueling pistols. They are the original "at sunrise" twins.

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

IT looks as though the worst is over "on the road." Reports from touring theatrical companies, received this week, indicate better business, although it is still nothing to brag about. Joe Gaites has tried the experiment of cutting prices to \$2 top with one of his musical shows, and has invariably found the experiment a paying one. The public apparently wants to see the shows but cannot pay Broadway prices. Even the Lyceum business is getting better, according to reports.

JUST THE THING.

A Chicago dramatic club, composed of stenographers, has written asking us to suggest a play for it to present. Why not "The Dictator"?

ANSE, YOU DEVIL!

While calling he took a long chance and kissed his sweet hostess, did Anse.

Her father then kicked him, Her big brother licked him And the bulldog just ruined his clothes.

THE LADY AND THE JOKER.

Mack Hilliard of the Selwyn Theatre needs must, says his little joke.

now and again or the world will become very gloomy. Yesterday Julia Chandler, the Selwyn press lady, asked Mack what members of society were to see "The Circle" last night. Mack gave her half a dozen names and she rushed upstairs to send them to the society editors. As she prepared her "copy" her phone rang. Mack was on the wire.

"By the way," he said, "I don't believe I'd send those names to the papers."

"Why not?" asked the lady.

"Because those people have all been dead a long time."

"You mean old things!" replied Julia Chandler, and the telephone receiver hit the hook with a "bingo!"

SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE.

Greenwich Village knows a lot about bobbed hair, but it frequently trips and sprawls all over when it encounters certain other forms of art. We have it on the word of a contributor that the following dialogue, between two young ladies, was heard in a G. V. tea room recently:

"Gladski is to appear at Carnegie Hall soon?"

"Really? Who is she dancing with now?"

McINTYRE IN VOCE.

Frank McIntyre, instead of joining Don Copeland's reducing club, has decided to go into vaudeville. He has a

new act called "Wednesday at the Ritz." The Lambs will whop it up for him at the Palace Monday afternoon.

ACCOMMODATING, EH?

Belle Beresford, well-known in Australia as a writer of fiction, and Edgar Mel's magazine contributor, are collaborating on a play. The name of their work, they say, will be changed as often as the producing manager desires. See A. H. Woods' children!

SHOW SHOULD BE FINE.

Ada Mae Weeks of "The Children's Play," Ted Lewis and his band of "The Greenwich Village Polies" and Victor Morley have promised to assist at the benefit for the Jewish Consumptive Relief Society Sunday evening, Nov. 13, at the Sam H. Harris Theatre. Mike Selwyn will be stage director.

LEVY TO DO THE WORK.

Bert Levy, the "Get Together" cartoonist, has been selected to design and execute the art work in the souvenir programme for the public reception to Marshall Foch, at the Hippodrome Sunday evening, Nov. 20.

ANDERSON'S NEW PLAY.

George Anderson, once the husband of Fritz Scheff, is producing a melodrama of his own writing called "The Fence." It deals with the theft of bonds in the New York financial district. Kathleen Conerys will have the leading feminine role. "The Fence" is booked to open in Stamford on Nov. 23.

PAYNE TO ACT.

When the new A. A. Milns comedy

RHYMED PROPOSALS.

The Duke—that's only his nom de plume—has written us that if Lillian really wishes to wed a Sweetie he will take the job. To make his acceptance of her proposal more tempting he wishes us to state that he is learning to play the saxophone. Here's his rhymed contribution:

I will be your little squirrel!
It won't be my little nut!
We will move out to an island
And we'll build ourselves a hut.
Side by side we'll sit and ponder,
While we're janned by Nature's breath.

Oh, how sweet will be our lot, dear,
As we slowly starve to death.

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begin its fifth season under Shubert management Monday at the Majestic, Brooklyn. Eileen Van Hien, Tom Conkey and Arthur Albro head the cast.

AND MEBBE HE WILL.

A friend of Al Johnson's in Galveston, Tex., has a new daughter. He wanted it to be a boy so he could name it Al.

"What shall we do?" he wined. "Call her Bambi!"

"Not at all!" Al replied. "Call her Alice."

GOSSIP.

"Bruder Strauminger," a Viennese operetta, will open at the Manhattan on Nov. 13.

Wynley Birch, stage manager, has been engaged by Wagenhals Kemper. E. F. Albee has returned from Cleveland, where he inspected two new Keith theatres now being built.

Pauline Lord of "Anna Christie" has "arrived." She is one of the two last dramatic actresses we know of.

Mr. and Mrs. Lennox Pawle are in from London. He will appear in "Russett Janney's musical version of 'Pompadour Walk'."

The title of Walker Whiteside's new starring vehicle has been changed from "The Hindu" to "The Moon God."

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Hohl in the cast of "The Fair Circassian," now being rehearsed by Clifford Brooke.

The Playwrights' Club, meeting at the Hotel McAlpin this afternoon, is willing to take in new members.

Bessie McCoy has a dip into Shubert vaudeville has been put off a week. Breaking in her act has tired her out.

Barney Gallant gave a party last night at Al Herman of "The Greenwich Village Polies" at the Greenwich Village Inn. It was Al's birthday.

Maggie is located. Maggie Clune is living at Red Bank, N. J. Exactly eleven people have notified us of this fact in the past two days.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY. Your friends can help you live, but you've got to do your dying all alone.—Pinkspeare.

FOOLISHNESS. "I know," said Miss Eleanor Biggs. "That I was descended from Kings." Said Oscar R. Brown: "You came pretty far down."

Then Eleanor told him some things.

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE. She—They tell me I'm very outspoken. He—Id like to see the person who can outspout you.

TRIUMPH OF ART. A YOUNG artist out on a sketching trip came across a living specimen of the "barefoot boy with cheek of tan," properly outfitted with rod and string of fish, and for a consideration induced him to pose for a sketch. In a few minutes there came along a man who would have been spotted instantly by a reasonably sophisticated observer as the head, theoretically at least, of a family. For half an hour he stood watching the artist work, then burst out in admiring enthusiasm.

"Beats all I ever saw!" "Like the sketch, do you?" the flattered artist responded, with a pleased bluen.

"Sketch? Oh, that! Yes, it's all right, I guess. What I mean was the way you have managed to keep that boy quiet for so long!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

TACTFUL. A SOUTH END lady relates this: "I never saw any one get out of a difficult situation more deftly than an expressman's helper the other day. I wanted to see his employer and he from the sidewalk called down: 'Boss, come up! There's a jar wants to see you.'"

"From the depths below a voice called, 'Is she young, John, or old?'"

"This, of course, was not intended for my ears, but it reached them nevertheless, and the young fellow knew it. In the words of an old poem, 'I looked at John and John looked at me.'"

"You'll be satisfied, boss, when you come up," he said tactfully.—Boston Transcript.

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